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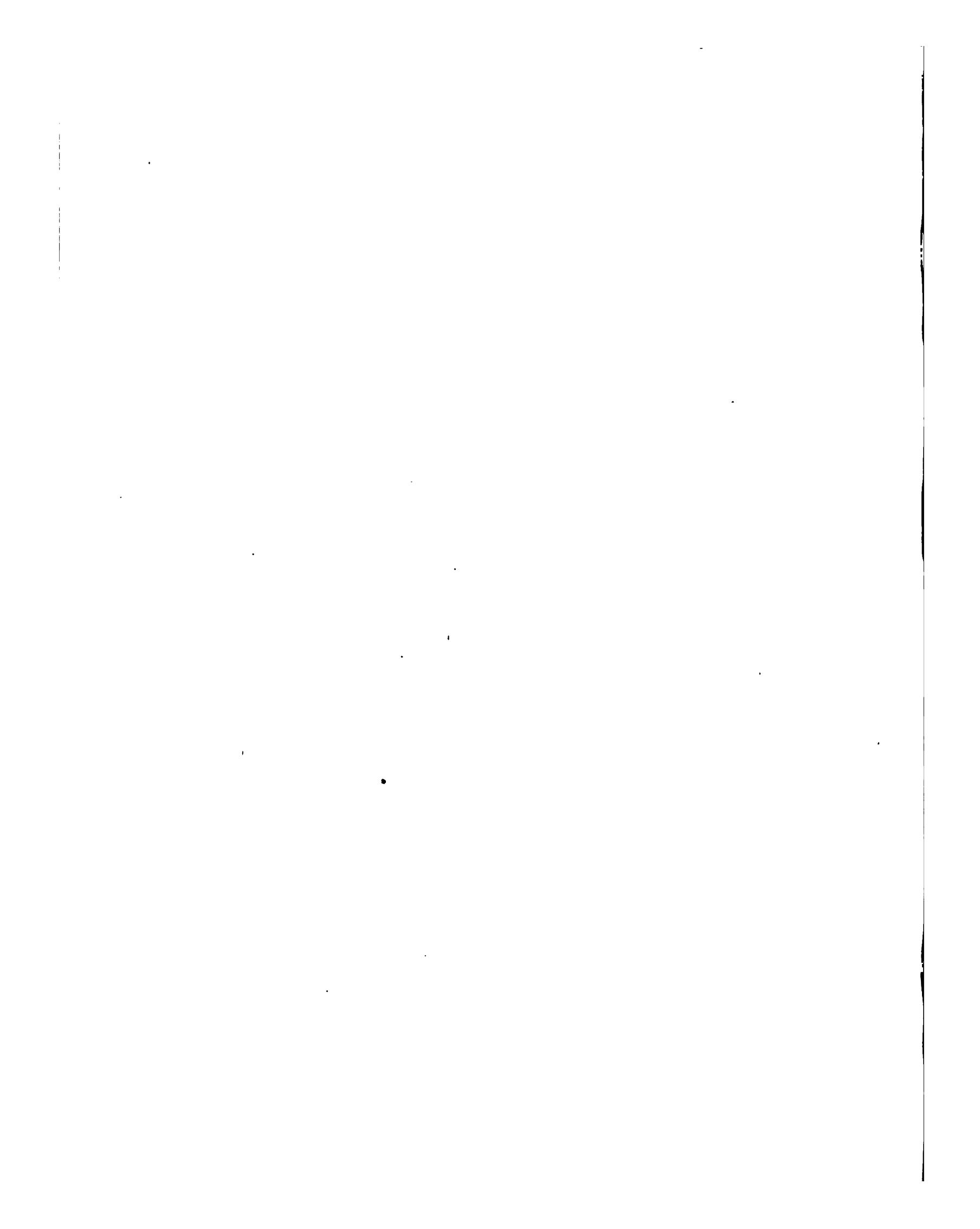
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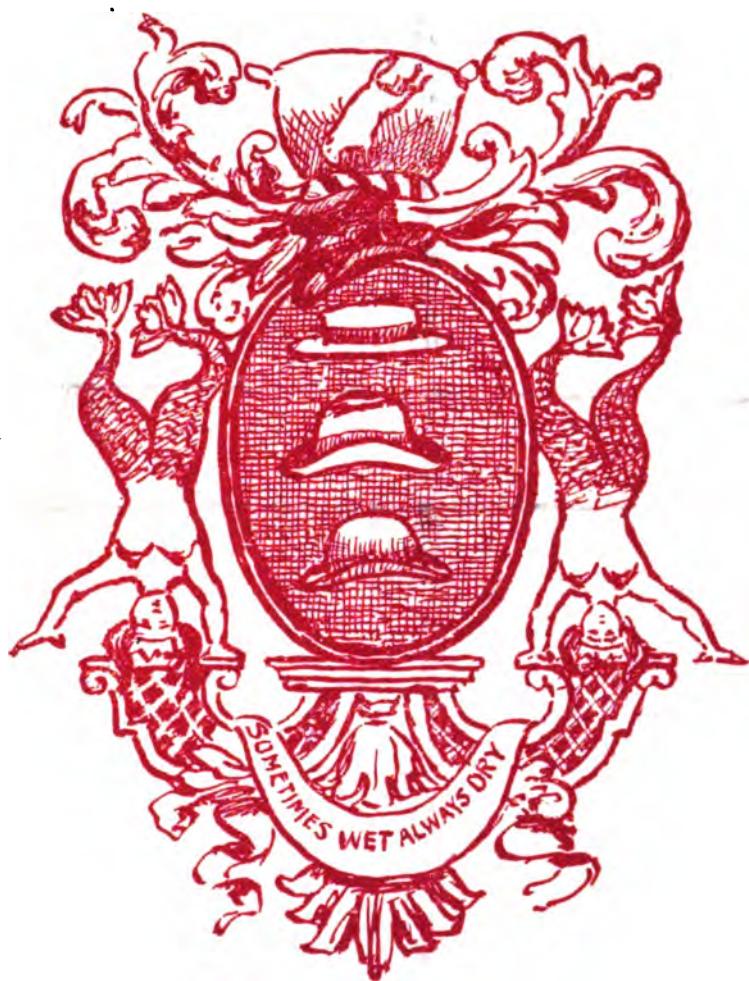


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The House of St. Botolph



XII NIGHT REVEL

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Chorus: Air, "My Irish Molly, O!"

Botolph, our Saintly Botolph,
Tonight you look quite fly,
Our artists want to paint you,
You sporty Saint, you,—
Don't let them try!
Some time there'll be a rum time,
When you come to our show;
Sing the fame of your good name,
Begorra, we'll all do the same,
Our Saintly Botolph, O!

Dr. Harrington

Chorus: Air, "Robinson Crusoe's Isle."

On Botolph's isle the life is sweet,
No dues to pay or friends to treat,
No house committee's food to eat,—
This from St. Botolph — please make a note of—
The concerts there are never played,
The butter-in is caught and flayed,
And art is art, and not a trade
On old St. Botolph's — on old St. Botolph's isle.

Scairie

Chorus: Air, "My Name Above the Door."

I'm fired and I've got to say farewell,
You can bet your boots I'll kick like merry hell.
If Burrell wasn't on to me,
I'd still be on the committee,
But I'm fired and I've got to say farewell.

Hopkins

Chorus: Air, "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie."

Do put me in again, Burrell,
Again, again, again.
You may think it funny,
But I need the money,
I may as well make myself plain.
I want this same office until I shall die,
And there's no one who wants it as badly as I;
So please put me in again, Burrell,
Again, again, again.

Chorus: Air, "So Long Mary."

So long Charlie.
You're wrong, Charlie.
So long, Charlie,
Charlie we shall miss you so;
So long, Charlie,
How we hate to see you go;
And we'll all be lonely for you, Charlie,
Sitting here;
So long, Charlie,
Drop in some time for a beer.

Dr. Chas Harrington
the retiring Secy.

Repeat.

Chorus:

Air, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching."

Drink, drink, drink to Tommy Baldwin,
Lift your glasses now on high!
Be the season dry or wet,
He'll come out on top, you bet,
For the Baldwin is the apple of our eye.

Repeat.

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Chorus: Air, "I Want What I Want When I Want It."

For we want what we want when we want it,
And its much better bad than good,
For if things should go right,
It would spoil our delight,
We should like to have this understood.
For there's no worldly pleasure like kicking, say we,
And if we couldn't kick, how unhappy we'd be,
And you can't stop our kicking,
For kicking is free,
And we want what we want when we want it!
Yes, we want what we want when we want it!

Chorus: Air, "He Walked Right In And Turned Around."

He walked right in and turned around,
And walked right out again;
He made that round trip in less time
Than it takes to count up ten.
He didn't ask no questions why,
He didn't stop to say goodbye,
He walked right in and turned around,
Then walked right out again.

Chorus: Air, "Dolly Grey."

Goodbye, Bobby, when you leave us,
We shall miss your pleasant smile,
'Tis a parting that will grieve us,
Bobby Boit, we loved your style;
We'd have kept you here forever,
If we'd been adroit;
But alas, all ties must sever,
Bye bye, Bobby Boit.

*Robert A. Boit
the retiring President*

Chorus: Air, "Waiting at the Church."

Here am I waiting for the job,
Wishing for the job,
Fishing for the job;
I'll bet money I can do as well as Bob.
Botolph ought to let me.
I'll put up a big artistic bluff,
Plenty big enough,
Of the real stuff;
Me for President, you'll not repent,—
Do come and get me.

Chorus: Air, "Union Forever."

Our Colonel forever,— he's true to the core!
Out with old Bobby and in with Livermore,
And we'll root for our St. Botolph as we never did before,
Shouting St. Botolph, O, St. Botolph.

*Col. Livermore
the new Pres.*

Saint Botolph.

Words by Arthur Macy.

Music by George W. Chadwick.

Saint Botolph flourished in the olden time,
In the days when the saints were in their prime.
Oh, his feet were bare and bruised and cold,
But his heart was warm and as pure as gold.
And the kind old saint with his gown and his hood
Was loved by the sinners and loved by the good,
For he made the sianers as pure as the snow,
And the good men needed him to keep them so.

CHORUS: Then drink, brave gentlemen, drink with me
To the Lincolnshire saint by the old North Sea.
A glass and a toast and a song and a rhyme
To the barefooted saint of the olden time.

He loved a friend and a flagon of wine,
When the friend was true and the bottle was fine.
He would raise his glass with a knowing wink,
And this was the toast he would always drink:—
“Oh, here is to the good and the bad men too,
For without them saints would have nothing to do.
Oh, I love them both and I love them well,
But which I love better I never can tell.”

Then drink, etc.

As he journeyed along on the king's highway
He gave all the boys and the girls “Good-day,”
And never a child saw the hood and gown
But ran to the father of Botolph's Town.
He'd a word for the wicked, and he called them kin,
And he said, “I am certain that there must be sin
While a few get the loaves and many get the crumbs,
And some are born fingers and some born thumbs.”

Then drink, etc.

But the saint grew old, and sorry the day
When his life went out with the tide in the bay;
But he left a name and he left a creed
Of the cheerful life and the kindly deed.
Then remember the man of the days of old
Whose heart was warm and as pure as gold,
And remember the tears and the prayers he gave
For any poor devil with a soul to save.

Then drink, etc.



